

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,  
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke  
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,  
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,  
Or my deere Maieslie your Queene heere thinke,  
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,  
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,  
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,  
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,  
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,  
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her  
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,  
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,  
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:  
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,  
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,  
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,  
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,  
Into the madnes wherein now he rauces,  
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,  
That I haue positively said, tis so,  
When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;  
If circumstances leade me, I will finde  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together  
Heere in the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,  
Be you and I behind an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter, if he loue her nor,  
And be not from his reason false thereon.  
Let me be no assistant for a state  
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, Exit King and Queene.  
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,  
How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a  
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee  
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very  
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my  
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old  
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes  
purging thicke Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

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